

THE YEAR TORONTO DEC. 26<sup>TH</sup> 1914 PRICE 10 CENTS  
Bramwell Booth General William J. Richards Commissioner

# The WAR CRY

Christmas Number



*Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild*



A HAPPY CHRISTMAS EVE. A LETTER FROM THEIR OFFICER SON.

## ON EARTH PEACE Good Will Toward Men

**T**HUS SANG THE HEAVENLY HOST to the Shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem when Our Lord was born; but as we write millions of men are engaged in the most sanguinary and desolating war that this round earth has ever known. Never, from the days when Tubal Cain first forged iron into weapons of war, has man employed such murderous machines for the destruction of human life and property as in this war. It is indeed the day of the reeking tube and iron shard. Aerial bombs, submarine mines and artillery projectiles have made central Europe during the closing months of 1914 a veritable hell upon earth. This is, without doubt, the world's greatest war and yet we believe that never was the song of the heavenly Host so near realization as now, and that phoenix-like from the ashes of these burned homes and foemen's fires will ascend the white dove of peace never more to be chased out of the ken of men by the unclean vultures of war.

The outlook is dark! some may mournfully say. Yes, but we believe it is the darkness before the dawn. Before this thundercloud of war enveloped the world in gloom there were rosette glimmerings foretelling the dawn of a day when men would be wiser and more Christlike than to submit their differences to the dread arbitrament of war. The day is coming when this gloom will be dispersed and these glimmerings will fill the heavens with golden light. When men will form an holy alliance to abolish war—and the day is nearer than some may think when it will be, "on earth peace."

We think that present signs and past history justifies a hopeful view. Never have men worked and laboured for universal peace as now and never did the great powers, with some unhappy exceptions, strive more earnestly for the maintenance of peace than before the outbreak of present hostilities. And certainly, never has mankind experienced in so great a degree as now, what a horrible, disturbing thing war is. Modern civilization is so interlocked that a war paralyses the nerve centres of the world; no part is unaffected. Within three days after Austria declared war on Servia, the stock exchanges of Paris, Berlin, London and New York and other centres of commerce were put out of business. Banks refused payments and millionaires were poor as paupers. Trade generally is stagnated and financial ruin will be the lot of hundreds of thousands. Then again the casualty lists of the warring nations are staggering humanity. So terrible will be the cost of this war that victors



A CHRISTMAS EVE  
ELOPEMENT STORY



that no harm befell her, and in due time they would be married, and all would be well. At first she shrank from such a proposal, but the assured love he showed her compelled her to go without her if she did not, and in that case they would probably never see each other again. The poor, silly little butterfly felt that she could never part with him, so she reluctantly consented.

It was the night before Christmas, and the shoppers were hurrying hither and thither, buying presents for friends, and other things that would help to make a joyous Christmas-tide. Dorothy and her gentleman friend were hurrying down side streets, intent on reaching the railway depot, where the great engine stood puffing and snorting as though eager to assist them in their flight. Dorothy had never travelled before, and this was a novelty she thoroughly enjoyed, and yet she could not help thinking of the sad Christmas Day it would be for the foster-parents in the little village home. But she was not yet fifteen years of age, and her momentary grief took wing as she listened to the flatterer at her side.

It was a long journey to the big city, but the longest journey ends at last, and so did this. Two furnished rooms were secured by the supposed man of wealth, and then Dorothy began to see the grave mistake she had made. After a few days her betrayer was not such an ardent lover as he used to be, and disclosed the secret that he was not a gentleman of means, but a gambler of the worst type. Sometimes he had plenty of money, and sometimes he made life unbearable because his pockets were light, and his loss became

Sometimes she thought of writing home to ask forgiveness, but the thought of the sneers and giggles of the girls who had once envied her restrained her.

Her paramour neglected her more and more every day, and was out night after night. One morning she received a letter which made her heart almost stand still. It was from him, telling her that she would never see him any more. Enclosed a five-dollar bill, and told her to do the best she could for herself.

Oh! what anguish she experienced. Her thoughts were not alone for herself, but for her unborn babe also. "Oh! what shall I do?" she wailed, and, in her agony, wept as though she

work, and knew not what to do. The  
help. Every effort was made to be-  
taken to the Hospital, and many  
singly face of her mother, who  
helping a baby? This was the  
The time came when she turned to  
found herself and babe upon the  
she knew of The Salvation Army, be-  
get work, but the tiny wailing babe  
to one after another her parents were  
shelter. Her watch (her foster-father's  
and might no prospect of bettering her  
the night long, and at last, when  
the street to find shelter from the cold  
d, in the cheap lodging-house of the  
once she heard music and dancing be-  
room, where a charity ball was being  
ple were taking part, because it was  
ble, so the whole neighbourhood was

But how different it looked from the hall. Here it was something like a fairyland, with its rich hangings, its flowers, and the little-scented fountain so musically. There was also the jewels, the sound of sweet music, and of beautiful faces. Altogether it

Mrs. Augustus R—— was the distinguished partner. She had long hair and was the richest and most-esteemed of the crowd. Her dress was one of the latest creations, and caused quite a lot of talk. It was of a rich brocaded white silk, with a costly lace. Her corsage was a wall of ivory in rich gems were wrought in the designs. Three white ostrich feathers topped her shapely head; thousands of dollars had been spent upon her costly garments. Her husband, while she had generously paid the bill, was

The devoted husband promptly took her into his white fur open cloak, and first to leave the hall. They were waiting at the door, and just as Mrs. A. put her white satin slipper on the carriage she and her husband received a low wail from a woman who was they had just descended. They turned to know the cause, and saw Dorothy clasping her baby to her, sobbing as though her heart would break. "She will die," she cried, "if I only knew I could wait for her, how happy I should be!"

Mr. R——, who had a kind heart, his wife and said, "What do you want we take the kiddie home, and put in a little empty cot which makes us comfortable. Then together they peeped at the face of the babe, and Mrs. R—— said, "Oh, husband, he is so much like you who has gone. Yes! yes! we will have him home"; and almost before Dorothy had transpired the baby was transferred into the arms of Mrs. R——'s maid, and she was being driven rapidly down the

Then Dorothy seemed to retranspire, and with a wild rush ran down the thoroughfare to her babe, but the swift pace of some boys was too much for her; she was soon lost to sight. Her down her pale cheeks, but she clung with the thought that her baby cared for. Then with a sad bearing, she sought the lodging-house, accustomed to stay, paying for the two-dollar bill that she

Next day she sought for work in vain; her appearance was against her. She parted with the best of her clothing and brought more money. That night she lay on a kerlistone, weary and sore at heart, with tears of despair and disappointment down her cheeks, when a girl, a friend of herself, paused and enquired the reason. She was dressed in a gay fashion, and she said: "Dorothy's position, said with a toss of her head, "I can put you into."

TAFF-CAPTAIN (DR.) WILLE, WHO IS ACCOMPLISHING A MARVELLOUS OPHTHALMIC WORK AMONG THE JAVANESE, DESCRIBES IT IN A MOST INTERESTING MANNER. OVER A THOUSAND CASES A YEAR ARE DEALT WITH, AND THE WRITER GIVES DETAILS OF SOME MIRACLES OF HEALING

READY during my work in Denmark had made ophthalmology my speciality; and when I sometimes was thinking of going out as a Medical Missionary, it seemed to me that it would be in this speciality I should be able to do good.

the call came to me to go out, how-  
ever, did not seem to point in this direction.  
My thought was only to seek the  
Lord, and to be guided by Him also in time.  
But after I had been in Semarang  
one year, and had passed through the  
turbulence of 1968, circumstances began  
to point in this direction. My work in the Ho-  
pital of Jember could be done by a nurse  
under medical control, and there were in the  
hospital many other diseases.

eye diseases were very prevalent on the street. This fact was further emphasized by the great number of blind people to be seen sitting, leaning against the walls, or lying on the roads. Also among the patients entering the Hospital there were rather many blind sufferers, and among them old, severe

beginning the Javanese were afraid of the operations which often were necessary, but by seeing others helped and that they were properly treated, they got more courage, and so we won their confidence. However, they learned to understand that surgery was unselfish, and that we performed it for the sake of God and out of pity for their suffering. To this result were also the two principles followed, namely, to avoid pain as far as possible, and yet to use methods which were so good that we should have the least number of

of the first patients we helped was a man; his eyelids were turned inside out, protruded from the eyes through several (scars). By means of several operations we succeeded in forming new eyelids, and now he was not only delivered from the appearance he presented, but his eyes were the same time, rescued from destruction. Thousands of different races now flocked to us, the most rapidly-increasing numbers—Javanese, Indo-Europeans, Arabians, and many European nationalities being among them.

The majority came from the environment also from distant places, as gradually it was getting more widely known. Of the eye diseases most prevalent in the Egyptian eye-disease, or trachoma, severe cases gradually leads to blindness. The eyelids also bend inwards in such

the eyelashes grow into the eyes, causing much suffering. The treatment is tedious and laborious, and often four or five operations have to be performed upon a single eye, but then we have good result over and over again.

poorly nourished eye-disease often occurs. The conjunctiva is red, inflamed, dangerous and painful. Matter pours out of the eyes, the eyelids are swollen and closed eyelids, and the patient in fourteen days the eyes are destroyed. Such patients must be treated very carefully, day and night, and need much care. They come in time we usually succeed in curing one, if not both, eyes. The children which are artificially fed a very poor milk disease often occurs, known as "starvation blindness," which may in a very short time destroy the eyes, and in that way cause incurable blindness. Here all depends on acting quickly and immediately procuring good nourishment for the child. The mother must be instructed how to

to feed it with a bottle, and every day we must provide the necessary milk, as the patient cannot afford to provide it. It takes trouble and money but what a pleasure it is to save such a poor baby from life-long blindness!

Cataract operation, we know, is one of the most gratifying manipulations, because it usually results in the patient quickly recovering his sight. We have had much pleasure from seeing the joy of the patients who have undergone the

The work has gradually grown, and the number of eye patients is now from 125 to 150. During the years 1908-1912 there have been treated in all 4,198 patients, of whom 2,572 were Javanese, 1,090 Europeans, and 536 Chinese. The number of consultations has been 13,377 and 2,421 operations have been performed.

At the beginning we worked under very primitive circumstances, both as to assistance and locality. Mrs. Wille was at one time assistant doctor, nurse, and manager, and my room, which was only five metres (about six feet six inches) served as library, study, consultation room, day room, and reception room.

In the wards the most usual thing was that there were two patients in one bed.

The buildings we have are still unsatisfactory as they are only of wood, covered with bamboo mats; they have a tile roof, and a floor of cement. It has also been a great difficulty to us that the Eye Hospital has not been complete in itself, but has been spread among the other buildings.

A long time ago, therefore, we brought the matter before the Lord, and asked Him to help us out of the difficulty, when His time had come. Our hope has now been fulfilled. Lieut.-Colonel de Groot had the courage of faith to start a collection, and he had succeeded in gathering the necessary amount of \$12,500. The General having approved the scheme and sanctioned its being put into effect, we have succeeded in acquiring a site in a beautifully healthy situation on the hill just outside the town. The Government has granted a subsidy, and a month ago the preliminary work on the ground was begun.

The new Eye Hospital, which is to be erected in memory of our dear late General, will be of brick, and will afford all the necessary facilities for the work. The buildings will be made mosquito-proof, and well ventilated, and be provided with gas and electricity. Water will be supplied from the main supply of the town.

From the buildings there will be a lovely view of the sea, and at the same time they will have the benefit of the fresh sea wind. There will be room for ninety Japanese and for ten Chinese and Europeans at one time as in-patients.

I am now going to tell you some few stories of the eye patients. I have mentioned to many blind beggars. Some of these people for their misfortune very much, and of this we have heard some time ago. One of

an impressive example some time ago. One of a family came to ask our help. Both father and mother were blind, a little boy, five years of age, and quite naked, was guiding them, and the mother had a younger girl by the hand. In this way they had walked a whole week, begging for food, hoping that we could help them to get the sight back, but, alas, they were incurable—it was too late; and after they had got some rest a

As a contrast to this sad case, I will tell another, which has been very encouraging to me, showing that the Lord does partake in the work.

A time ago a young girl came to us from a village thirty-two miles west of Semarang. Her eyes were in a sad condition, blind, and her nether eyelids were turned inside out and had

ing as red, running tumours on her cheeks. Several operations were necessary, and we had much labour with her. But we had also much joy from the work. The appearance of the eyes got quite normal, and the sight was recovered beyond expectation.

One day one of the native helpers got in conversation with her, and she told her story. Her disease had lasted so long a time, and constantly got worse that at last she was despair, and during five days could not eat, but only weep. Then in the night she dreamed that a man entered the cottage, the one a European and the other a Javanese. They told her to go towards the East, and that then she would be cured. She awoke full of hope, and after much resistance persuaded her father to go with her. They did not know anything about the E. Clinic, but Semarang being the first large town towards the East, they went there, and at last found their way to us.

During her stay in the Hospital this girl was present at the meetings with the other patients and thus got acquainted with the way of Salvation; she did not come to the Penitent-form, but before she returned home she prayed herself a very open and simple way, and said, among other things: "I cannot do much, but I will

When leaving she took a Javanese GOSPEL with her. There is a man in her village who can read, and there is no telling what will be the result, for any Javanese who understands the art of reading is very anxious to perform it, and they always read so loud that their voices can be heard far away. Four days after she had returned to her home, five patients arrived from her parsonage with catarract on both eyes, and the other also severely diseased. Still, they could all

I remember an old woman, Mbok Der, who came to the hospital with her husband. They had formerly been rather well situated; but latterly they had lived in misery, and were both blind. The man soon died; but the woman got healthy and strong. She was operated upon for cataracts with very good result, and was thankful. When she recovered her sight she declared that she would remain there and give herself to God's strength.

A Chinese, who came under treatment, was also very thankful. He was suffering from gonorrhoea eye disease, and was treated very carefully day and night, with good results. When he heard that we were working for a small school, it made a deep impression upon him, and he exclaimed, "If he is a Christian, I will also become a Christian." One day, when seeing a picture of Christ, he knelt down before it to pray, but we explained to him that God is a living Spirit.

I remember an old Chinese who came blind and was operated upon for cataract. One day when the bandage had been removed, he got permission to open his eyes. Full of anxiety he did so; then he cried, "Padang!" (light) and began to laugh for joy. Rising to his feet and falling down before me, he began to worship me; he quickly kneeling down by him, I told him to return his thanks to the Lord.

A young Chinese came from a town about forty miles from Semarang. He had atrophy of the visual nerves, and was nearly blind. He went through a long treatment, and his sight was much improved that he could commence to work again. He got converted, and has helped much in the work of the King Clinic.

There were two Javanese women who can blind. They both got their sight and became converted, and one of them is constantly coming from time to time to visit Mrs Wille and bring her small presents.

One day there came a Javanese nobleman who was blind, and had therefore been forced to give up his position as an official. He was a clever man, and had studied (Concluded on Page 30)





## OUR PICTORIAL SECTION

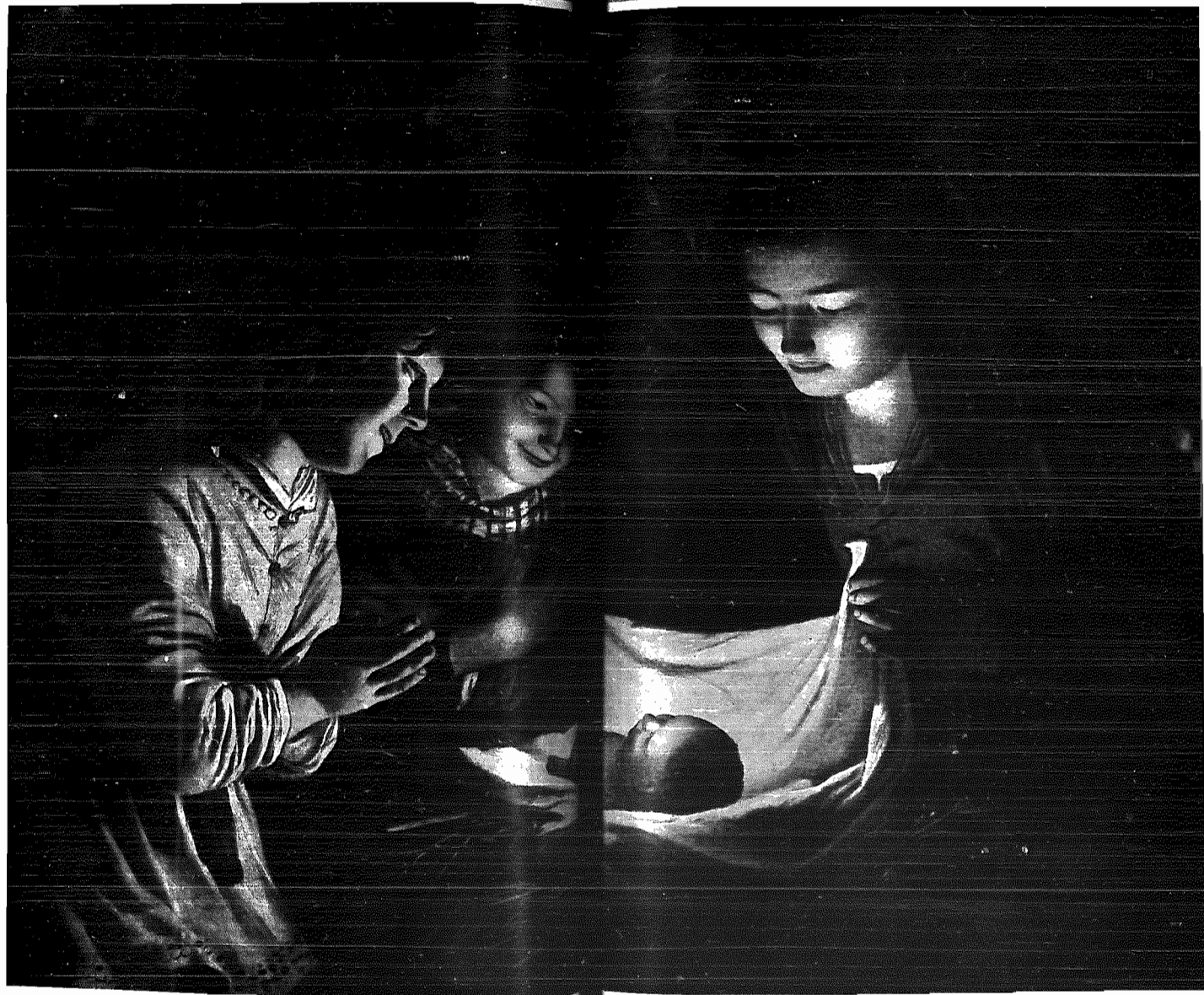


## MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

"BE PRESENT AT OUR TABLE, LORD



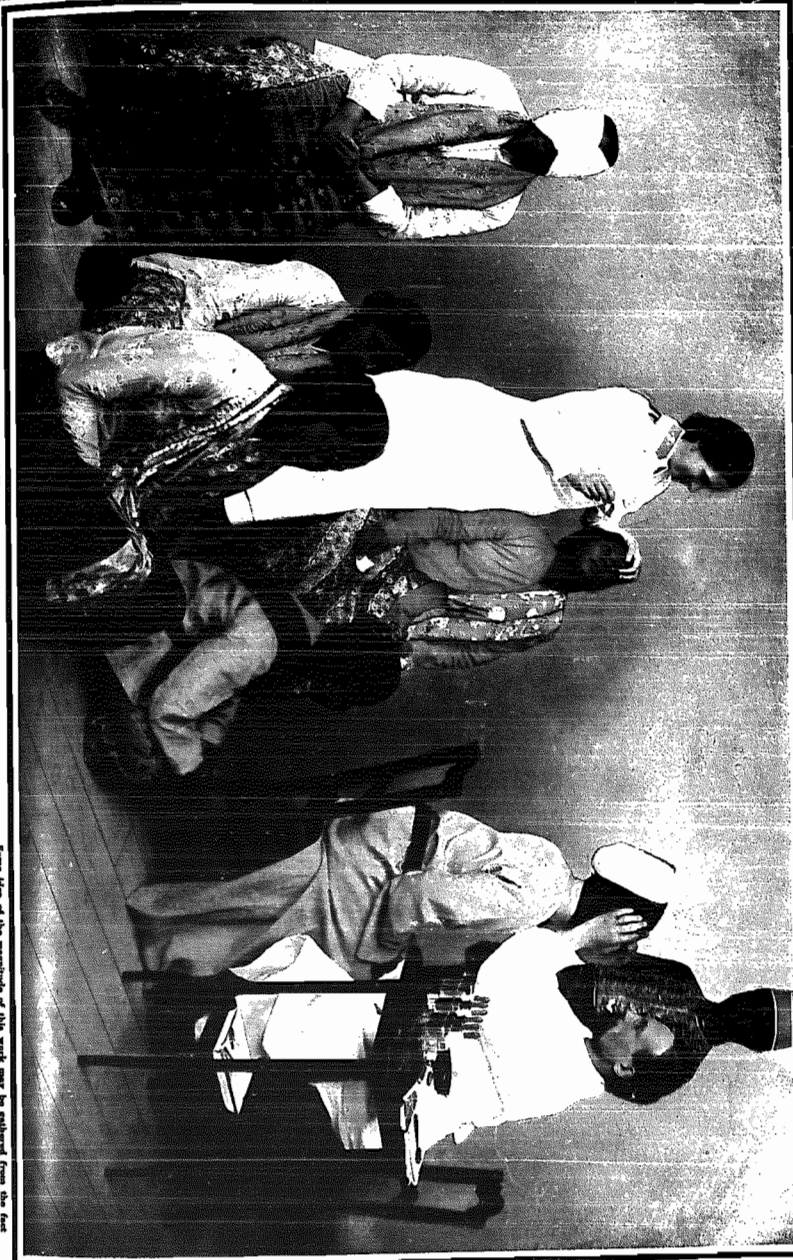
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones  
have done it unto me."



"Thou shalt have"

and rejoice at his birth"  
NEW YORK





Some idea of the magnitude of this work may be gathered from the fact that the total number of letters sent to the front in 1914 was 1,000,000.

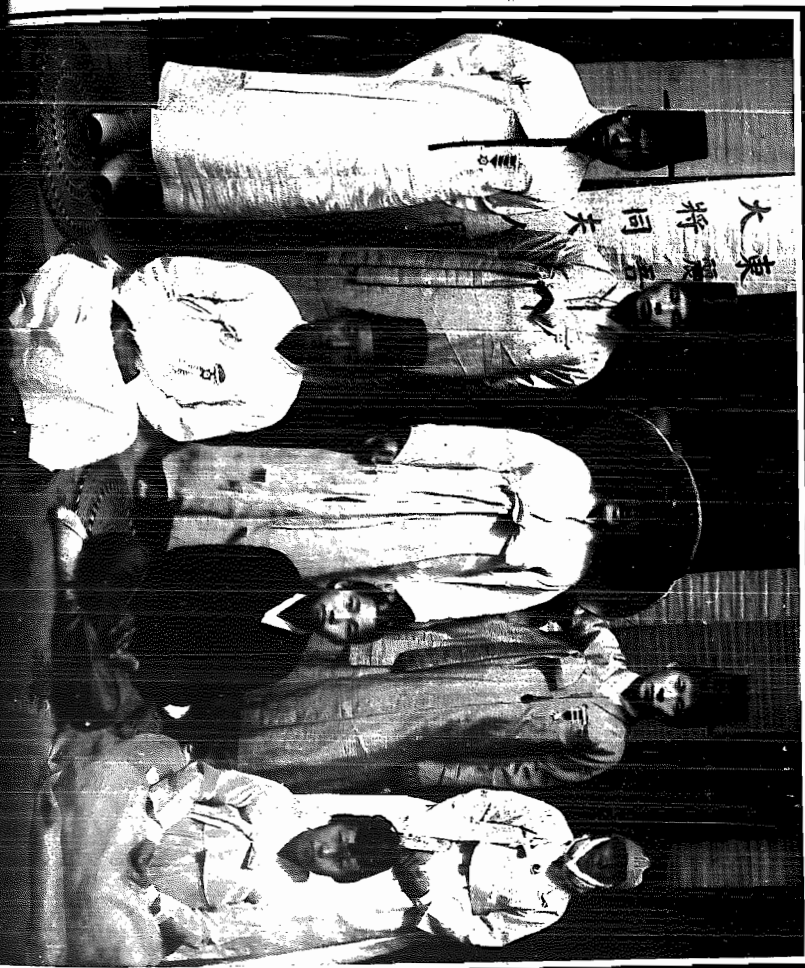
## ALL THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH:

GATHERED IN THE SALVATION  
CONGRESS HALL.

December

ber 26, 1914

The Group above  
depicts the  
native delegation  
from Korea to  
Congress. They  
are Salvationists  
that have seen  
that have seen  
national freed-  
dom, and the  
succession of the  
Korean people.



Colonel and Mrs.  
Hoggard, and  
other men and  
women have  
been established  
since the power  
work. A large  
work have been  
obtained and  
formed. There  
are 23 men and  
23 women some  
of them are  
working.



A Meeting in the Temporary Congress  
Hall in the Strand, London

The above picture, by a celebrated London artist, admirably depicts the delegates in their varied and picturesque costumes. There were twenty-three large groups represented in the Congress meetings.



**W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, General of The Salvation Army**

"The heathen world to-day contains a Thousand Million Souls who sit in darkness in chains who sit in the very shadow of death—they wait for us to bring the Gospel to them."

—THE GENERAL

The extent of The Salvation Army's operations is indicated by its five files in 50 countries and colonies and that its Officers are in 34 different languages. The broadness of the present work is also shown by his inauguration of a great Missionary which has for its object the sending of 2000 missionaries to various parts of the world during the next five years. Two hundred have already been sent and a hundred more, by the time this is published, would have been sent to the East were it not for the unfortunate war. It can be seen that The Salvation Army, spiritually speaking, is a power. The above admirable portrait of The Army's leader is

an illuminating supplement to the remarkable article on The Army and the General by the Editor of *The London Daily News* (Eng.). In the article, on page 10, the writer pays the following tribute to The Army's work: "The value of the work cannot be exaggerated. In England, in America, in Japan, in Norway, Sweden, India, China, South Africa. Where ever the Army goes it carries with it healing for the sores as well as for the sins of society, children's homes, mothers' hospitals, labour colonies, industrial workshops, rescue homes, work in the streets, in the prisons, among the forlorn and the lost—all this is included in the task of The Army in all lands."









# WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN

## The Amazing Story of John Bryce

### NOTE TO THE READER:

Jack Bryce, descendant of ministers dating to Clay-chester, West of Edinburgh University to study for the ministry, was expelled. Enlisted in Highland regiment, became regimental surgeon-major. Attended to his father's death-bed, then went to the front in the South African war. Was wounded at Magerfontein whilst carrying his wounded officer out of action. While in hospital he fell in love with a Scottish nurse. Welcomed back by his comrades at Bloemfontein in merry fashion, he was not into taking too much drink. While on his way to his tent, drunk, he encountered the old colonel, charged him with desertion, and, finding him with his condition, and survived at "The Cape Town Bazaar." Bryce lived in the barracks and was a fine, for which grave military offence he was court-martialled. At the end of his trial he was sentenced to be sent to the Nellie Armstrong as he must come to live where he was sent from the army was pressed, but reduced in view of Bryce's good character and brave conduct by the general commanding to be detained only. Major Bryant gave him a letter of introduction to the manager of a firm of shipbuilders on the Clyde who would give him employment. On reaching Scotland he was welcomed by his old friend the dominie.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### DOUBLY BEREAVED.

TWO years have passed away since last we saw Jack Bryce on his arrival in Edinburgh from South Africa. These years had been quiet, and in many ways uneventful. He had been a not unpleasant change from much of his past life, and especially from the turmoil of his military career.

He had found employment, as a clerk, on the recommendation of Major Fawcett, with McLean, Anderson, Innes, and Co., shipbuilders, Glasgow, and by steady perseverance and ability, had advanced from post to post in the service of that firm until he was holding the position of assistant private secretary.

The old dominie had resigned his duties as schoolmaster of the glen and thrown in his lot with Jack. Together they had made a little home in Govan, where Jack did everything in his power to brighten the remaining days of the old man's life. The dominie felt that there was a special call upon him to live beside Jack Bryce, and there is no doubt that his presence was helpful to him. Again and again the tempter assailed Jack, and there were times when the desire was so strong upon him that he had almost given way.

Jack had a happy temperament, and was the best of company to the many friends he had made around him. Of course, there were always some of these friends who were inviting him to drink, and, oftentimes the temptation was powerful. Fortunately, as the desire for drink came to him, there also came the memory of the past. As these pictures flashed across the mirror of his brain and he remembered the havoc and ruin the cursed stuff had caused in the thought of the promise he had made to Nellie Armstrong on leaving South Africa, and he kept that promise.

Nellie Armstrong had returned from South Africa sometime like six months before, and was living with her aunt, the only relative she had alive. Her father, who had been a beautiful little village of soldiers, which stood on the banks of Loch Lomond. Here Nellie was resting after her anxious life as a nurse in South Africa. Day by day she was busy preparing for her marriage with Jack, which was to take place in another six months' time.

As the years had sped their course they had left the old dominie in a very feeble state. To the old man tettering on his long white hair, it seemed a long, long time since he was schoolmaster in the dear old glen, and Jack Bryce was one of his boys. The old man, however, looked upon Jack as his boy yet, and it had made his life so much happier to be living with the object of his love.

Jack had brought Nellie Armstrong to the dominie, and she had won the old man's heart. It was a relief to him to feel that when the call came for him to go hence, there would be some one to care for Jack, for, as he sat waiting for

This Chapter of Our Serial Story describes the death of the Dominie, and also concludes with John Bryce kneeling by the bedside of his dead love.

Jack to come home from the labour of the day he felt that that time was not very far away now when he must go to the beyond.

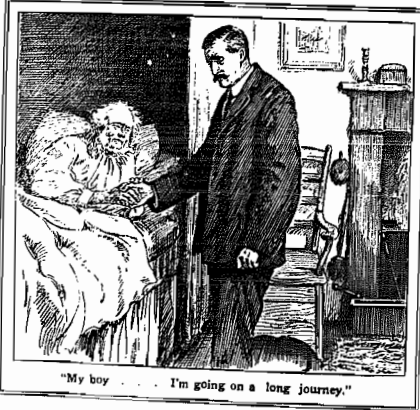
Sitting in his armchair he had fallen into a doze when he was awakened by the sound of the cheery voice he loved so well, and trying to stand up in welcome he almost fell into Jack's arms.

"Why, dominie, I have wakened you up rather quickly. I am afraid I startled you," said Jack, as he gently placed the old man in a comfortable position in his chair.

"No, my boy, it is not that, but I feel that I have not long to be with you now," answered the dominie.

"I hope that is not so, old friend. We have been very happy together, but what has made you think that to-day, dominie?"

"I feel that the hand of the Lord is upon me, I am growing feebler day by day, and sometimes, Oh! so weary."



"My boy I'm going on a long journey."

"But, dominie, if you are feeling unwell I will send at once for the doctor, and we will have his advice," said Jack, now fully alarmed.

"No need to do that now, my boy," quavered the old man. "If you brought the best medical authority that money could buy no skill of theirs could build up this old frame of mine."

"Surely there is something I can do for you, is there not? You know, dominie, there is nothing I would not do for you."

"Yes, my dear boy, I know that, and you have been good to the old man these last days, when we have been so much together. It will be so much easier to go now I know you are safe."

"Oh, my dear old friend, I cannot bear to think of you leaving me yet. You have helped two years that I feel there would have been a terrible blank in my life were you to go."

"I think God is calling me," said the old man, and now he is calling me, and I know that the time is very nigh. But, my boy, when I go hence, you have another who will comfort and love you, rough the stress and battle of life."

"Yes, dominie, but still I want you; for you could have been the bravest old friend that a man could have."

"We will not talk about this any more at present, for you must be off to Balloch for your week-end."

"I think I had better leave you to your dominie," said Jack. "I feel that I need for that."

"No, no," answered the old man, "I need for that. Besides, you know me, and I fiddle, the love of it above all the wealth of earth."

Leaving the old man in the housekeeper, Jack set off to pay end visit to Nellie Armstrong, considerable misgiving in his mind, but the old man had been going, and Jack felt that he was him unhappily, by staying.

Jack, received his usual warm welcome from the woman who loved him with all of his heart.

During that week-end they gathered amid the beautiful woods of the shores of Loch Lomond, and each other's ears those sweet lovers speak. When the silver mist covered with their coats of the land around and shed her pale gleaming when upon the mountains, that great, majestic Loch, the heart to heart and told that sweet silent mountains around. That never loved so little that truly love.

These two had long been a part of, and so the ever-ceaseless fight soon they had to part. The other went to his home, looking into the future, the future which stretched before him, then would soon be then they would be.

So these two lives hearts since the wedding, weaved their web of the bliss to come.

What a story that these two could tell that future.

When Jack came to the dominie's home, his old friend had the worse, and so the old dominie Jack entered the room, looked at the regard of pillow, Jack's eyes fell. He remembered the house in the glen when he had been king in the Now the shadows were upon him, and the king was at hand.

Slowly the old man's light of recognition shone forth, and he had laid upon that of Jack.

"My boy, you have come at last on a long journey, my boy, your voice was feeble, and the voice slowly and at intervals."

"Oh, dominie, what can I do for my friend?" "Nothing, lad, but from whence cometh all strength."

The voice died away slowly and for a time. Once again the lips bending down to listen. Jack had familiar words—

Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thee be bound.

But the voice failed, and the last dominie, clutching at the word "Repeat." With a gasp from the pent-up emotion within him, with the lines—

While the nearer waters roll, Or, receive my soul at last.

As the last line was spoken the door was opened again, and the old man's head fell back, and he was dead.

Had winged its flight to the Land of all is peace and joy. (Concluded)

# CAPT. JIM AUSTRAL

## A TALE OF THE BACKBLOCKS



the sufferer was a tall, blue-eyed young man.

He habited dark-rooted house, the select farm situated on the spurs of the Blue Mountains, a burning and shimmering with fever, but the glare and heat of an summer noon had given place to the softness and broad moonlight of a night, and a gentle breeze which shook the tops of the pine trees from the odour of pine trees from the

was cool, peaceful, and at rest, little homestead, with its tie beams still covered with their coats of the land around and shed her pale gleaming when upon the mountains, that great, majestic Loch, the heart to heart and told that sweet silent mountains around. That never loved so little that truly love.

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Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thee be bound.

But the voice failed, and the last dominie, clutching at the word "Repeat." With a gasp from the pent-up emotion within him, with the lines—

While the nearer waters roll, Or, receive my soul at last.

As the last line was spoken the door was opened again, and the old man's head fell back, and he was dead.

Had winged its flight to the Land of all is peace and joy. (Concluded)

The fire blazed and roared until it got to their dwelling.

"God bless you!" said the stricken father, as his hot brown fingers pressed the Captain's hand.

The dawn was just changing the blue-black of night into the turquoise hue of approaching day, when the Captain got into the saddle and cantered away to the homes of other bushmen whose dwellings lay scattered far and wide in that locality.

A selector, we may say in passing, is a man who takes up a small holding on unoccupied Crown lands, under residential or other conditions, and pays for it by instalments. In time, if the payments are kept up, the land becomes freehold.

"I am going to do some 'graft' to-morrow for a brother who is lying very sick. His potato patch has got to be dug up by somebody; could you give him a day?" said the Captain to the first selector he called upon. The reply was a cheerful affirmative, for your genuine bushman has a generous heart for a fellow creature in distress, and especially so when the grace of God influences his life, as it did most of those upon whom the Captain called.

The Captain then visited half a dozen others, and next day seven or eight sturdy bushmen were busily engaged in digging up potatoes in the six-acre patch.

"There are no lazy bones in the Captain, are there, eh?" said one selector to another, as they dug up the potatoes. "See him laying into it over yonder!"

"Yes," replied the other, "I see him. He's a genuine Christian. I reckon. Did you know Jack Murphy?"

"He who had a selection by the Wullamullon Creek?"

"Yes; that's the man. Well, he's been ill for some time, now, and as the farm is mostly scrub, his wife has had a hard job to get tucker for herself and little ones out of it, and tend to her man as well, so she took to making charcoal, as she could manage that better than farming."

"Some time ago the annual instalment for the farm was due, overdue in fact, and Mrs. Murphy was in great trouble how to get the money. She got in a good order for charcoal, however, which, she thought, would help her out of her difficulties; but just then, as ill-luck would have it, she was taken with rheumatic pains or something in her arms, and couldn't hardly do anything. By-and-by Capt. Jim comes along, and she tells him her trouble, so he offers with his coat, takes an axe and goes into the bush and felled all the timber she wanted for the order, and helped her to make it into charcoal. When Mrs. Murphy told me about it, she said 'was just as if the Lord had sent along an angel from Heaven to help her out of her trouble.'"

Sturdy Bushmen were busily engaged in digging up potatoes in the six-acre patch.

"Well, I guess she wasn't far out," replied the selector, who then said, "He-the-by, did you ever hear tell how the Marshalls family was burnt out, down by the Sandy Creek, and how the Captain got their home built up again?"

"No; let's hear it," said the other.

"Well, some skunk of a swaggy had started a bush-fire. It spread very rapidly, and the trees had been ringbarked, and the dead leaves caught the flame and roared and flamed like pieces in a blaze, so the fire came hissing and crackling up the gullies and along the ridges, with a front as wide as the wings of a pair of Marshall's ripe wheat and his home, and threatened destruction."

"It is a lonely neighbourhood, and no help was handy; but Marshall and his family turned out, and with green houghs fought bravely with the fire to beat it out before it caught the standing corn, but the wind was against them, and showers of sparks fell on the bush fence which soon got alight, and a fire engine could hardly have put it out."

"Well, poor old Marshall, when he saw it, leaped against a tree and gave up. 'The wheat must go,' he said. 'We've done our best.' And with smoke and soot, and dripping with sweat, they saw the fire close in until it got to their dwelling, and turned them clean out of home and home."

"Most desperate, the Marshalls tramped to neighbouring farms, where they were hospitably put up. Now it so happened that the Captain was at the place when the homeless family arrived, and no sooner did he hear their story, than he set off to the bushmen who lived in the district, and gave them to bring their teams, cut timber, and hand it to the selection, and build a fresh house."

"So hearty was the response to the Captain's appeal, that in a little over a week the Marshalls' little shack had a handsome home of their own, and deeply grateful to the Captain for what he had done."

"Yes, he's a good fellow," replied the listener. "I heard him giving Jack Fleeney who keeps the bush shanty, beans through the other day. He told him to take to the pick and shovel and earn his bread by honest toil."

"I heard the Captain telling one of the Soldiers about it, and I don't wonder he gave him heads. I believe I should be a good fellow's head if I 'ad seen what the Captain saw."

"Why, what had he seen?"

"Well, a day or two before, a poor, bloo, scullawag of a man had come to him in great distress, and told him a horrible tale. It appeared that he had sold up home after home for booze, and was then tramping about the country with his wife and six little youngsters."

"It so happened that he had struck a dilapidated little shack and had housed his family in it, and was drinkin' at Jack Fleeney's whenever he'd get a penny to spend."

"One morning, when he awoke, he found that his poor, miserable wife had got into with the struggle, and was lying stiff and dead on the floor of the empty cabin: while his little





## DOROTHY DONALDSON'S FATAL DANCE

(Continued from Page 6.)

the way of making a grand living providing you didn't too squeamish as to what you do to earn it. "Four, despairing Dorothy assured her that she would be only too glad to have any chance in life. "Then go to No. 1029 — Street, give that card to the lady, and it will be all right."

It was not a long walk to the number indicated, so Dorothy soon stood before a house that was nothing short of a mansion. It had a brown stone front, and was brilliantly lighted. In the porch was a big are light with a red globe. A grand carriage stood at the door, and Dorothy had made a mistake, she thought; but no, this was No. 1029 — Street, so she pressed the electric bell button. A liveried man opened the door, and Dorothy was ushered into the house of death. Soon Madame Marcelle made her appearance, and to her while looked at Dorothy, much in the manner she would if buying a horse.

Evidently she was favourably impressed, for she smiled very sweetly, and soon learned from Dorothy that she was in destitute circumstances, and needed a friend. Madame Marcelle assured her that she had come to the right place, and led the way to a showily-furnished room, and Dorothy was told that she could consider this hers so long as she stayed there. What a sigh poor Dorothy gave as she took possession of her comfortable bed. Of course, she thought of her baby, but he was well cared for.

Next morning Dorothy was gently awakened, and saw Madame Marcelle standing beside her bed. "I thought," began Madame, "that I might as well tell you the rules of this house at once." Then she disclosed the nature of her surroundings, and told the poor girl what would be expected of her if she remained there. "You will have a good home, plenty of food, and, like the richest ladies of the land." Then she pointed to some gaudy garments which had been selected for her wear that day. They were such as Dorothy never dreamt of. The jewellers looked like the real thing. The woman concluded by saying: "Remember, when you leave this house for good your old garments are given back again, for these are the property of this establishment. If you comply with what I say, you can dress yourself and come down."

For a few minutes Dorothy lay in bed wondering what she should do. Her better nature revolted at complying with such conditions. But despair again seized her as she thought of her baby boy, and how she had struggled to get work. She could at least dress in the fine clothes just to see how she looked. She put on the garments, surveyed herself in the glass, with evident satisfaction, for although she had not the rosy beauty she had when a country lass, yet the mirror reflected a pretty, pale-faced girl with a wealth of golden hair. Then she went downstairs, and was complimented on her appearance by the gaudily-dressed women, who sat smoking cigarettes and drinking their morning glass of liquor. Their coarse talk at first smote her ears very unpleasantly. After being introduced to the new girl, the bell rang for breakfast, and a very sumptuous meal it proved. But unhappiness and discontent shrouded Dorothy all round.

Dorothy was at first very retiring, but had not been there long before she could join in the coarse talk, drink, and smoke cigarettes as freely as the rest of them.

A year or two of this awful life had passed away, and Dorothy frequently found herself wishing she were dead; cursing the man who had been the means of her ruin. More than once she had clenched a revolver with intent to shoot herself, but somehow the sweet-faced teacher of the village Sunday School would rise up before her, and because of eternity she refrained from taking her life.

An old man, who was a constant visitor at the house, and one of Dorothy's admirers, soon learned the story of her delirium, and her desire to leave. He offered to pay all her debts, and set her free if she would marry him. To be free indeed such a lot, so Dorothy complied with the conditions, and became the wedded wife of Old December. In the little cottage he furnished as their home she felt happy for a while, but only for a short time; she soon quarrelled with her aged husband, and one day she bundled up the few clothes he had bought her and went to live in a large manufacturing town.

One Saturday night Dorothy had imbibed quite freely. She was a good whistler, and somehow, the first effect of drink was to make her very merry. This particular Saturday night was no exception to the rule, so Dorothy walked

down the street, with her sailor hat on the back of her head, and her hands in the pockets of her short coat, whistling and trying to walk. The Salvation Army was near at hand, conducting a meeting, and Dorothy could hear them singing, so she began to whistle the tune they sang. The Captain, who was a whole-souled fellow, soon detected Dorothy. "Hello!" said he, "fall in and march with us to the Hall." Dorothy needed no further invitation, and very soon was marching and singing lustily.

The meeting made a great impression on her, and at the close she knelt at the Penitent-form. Of course, everybody saw she was drunk, and a few faint hearts said: "Oh, she does not know what she is doing." But she did, for the next night she was there again. This time sober. Once more she went forward and knelt at the Mercy Seat. When she rose to give her testimony, everybody listened eagerly.

"Friends," she said, "many of you know, I was here last night, and I was drunk, and knelt at this Penitent-form, and gave God my heart. I knew what I was doing, and went away saved; but I thought I would come out again to-night to show you that I am really in earnest. I have been very wicked, but I am going to trust God now; will you help me?"

God helped her, and each consecrated Soldier of the army made her feel welcome, and assisted her in every possible way they could. It truly was a hard struggle, but Dorothy was morose conqueror.

Not long after her conversion she was appointed an Officer of the Corps, and a more devoted Soldier I have never met in all my experience. When severely tempted she would come to the little Quarters to have a talk with "Mother," as she loved to call me, and it was there that I heard the story of her chequered career. The time came for us to leave, and shortly after Dorothy left also, and went to another city. For a time I lost sight of her, and often wondered if she were still saved.

One day I was sitting in the Officers' Quarters of an Eastern city when the door opened, and there suddenly stood before me a noble-looking woman with the bloom of health on her fair, sweet face. How nice she looked in the neat blue dress and Salvation Army bonnet. "Mother," said the stranger, "don't you know me?" I looked at her wondering for a moment if she were the girl I had met in the past, and then she smiled the same old smile. Sooner than it takes me to write it, she was in my arms. I could only say, "Why! it's Dorothy! It's Dorothy!"

Then we sat down side by side, for I was very anxious to ask her a few questions. Of course, I wanted to know how she had been getting along since last we met. She assured me that God had been sufficient for her in every time of need; she then informed me that she was head stewardess on one of the large steamers that cross the ocean, and she assured me that it was just as easy to keep saved on shipboard as anywhere else, adding, "They all know I am a Salvationist, and I have so many chances to speak to people about their souls." "God bless you!" we said to each other, as we parted, and we both felt that God was abundantly able to save and to keep. — M. G.

## WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

(Continued from Page 26.)

The death of the old dominie made a very great impression upon Jack. With the passing of his old friend the last link of connection with Thundershoe was severed.

The voice of God was calling Jack Bryce. Though long years the Saviour had stood without the portals of his heart knocking and seeking to come in, what a difference there would have been in Jack's life. As it was, there remained a very terrible trial.

The months sped past, and but a few weeks remained until the happy day should come when he and Nellie Armistage would become man and wife. Alas, this happiness was never to come. Once again the last link of his life was to roll back, and there would stand up before him a fiery furnace through which he must pass.

The last week-end he had been at Balloch Nellie Armistage had caught a severe cold, but had thought nothing of it at the time. Now, there came to him a few days later a telegram from her aunt, summoning him to her side and telling him to hasten if he would find her alive. She had been stricken down with pneumonia. The shock of this message almost unmanned Jack Bryce for a time. He seemed to do things in a mechanical fashion until the hour came for

him to catch a train. Then the door passed too slowly, for although it was twelve o'clock and Balloch is but a few minutes' ride from the station, he stood an eternity before he found himself in the form of that station. Facing him was a known road he arrived at the last house. As Jack glanced up at the house, he stood still, his hands were against the door, he faced it, and the roses which clustered around the door stood by the door. Nellie was there, and then she knew that he was "The leave him in his anguish, knowing that of his dead love.

(To be continued.)

## THE BLIND RECEIVE TRUTH

(Continued from Page 26.)

in the Netherlands. He was once a cataract, with good result. After that a thin cover was left, and was through a second operation.

This operation was completely successful when he realized how much he had been immediately improved he expressed an expression of surprise. He then made the remark that this operation; but I don't Godwin's name of the patient) explained the Lord's work.

Several patients, after having been converted, have become heperist.

Our work is fatiguing, we have work day is long, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from a p.m. to 7:30 p.m. later, besides extra work. The tropical diseases, and the diseases of the gauges increase the burden, and we have much we need the help and aid, but we realize also that we are promises of the Lord, when He says, believe only "and He gives power and to him that hath no might, he strengthens."

And it's a great joy to us every day to help so large a number of people away from so great a misfortune as of sight.

But more than ever we need patients, after having lost sight, which have clouded their bodily eyes of the soul opened to the light and accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. It is our longing and prayer that we give us more and more of the spiritual work, that the great operation be fully used, and as many as possible saved. — L.

## THE PRAYING LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 6.)

would make in a household of three or four members.

The current housekeeper was exercised about the work of praying. Hospitality. And doubtless many of us excelled and rather worked under the same. And so we can understand of the feelings of this capable, impetuous hostess. You have noticed her reads, "Jesus loved Martha, and sat at his feet." And we believe Martha revered her Lord. Her motive was not doubt, and true as her sister's. But she did not fully understand her position. She was not to prepare a supper, but to do it, and to see whether there were motives, such as a desire to make a person, which is so often the case, hostess! (To be continued.)

## THE LATE GENERAL'S BIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 6.)

has been sent to Mr. Begbie, who is book at his residence near Tuxton, which he is devoting to the time alone. It is of course, a very necessary work of making considerable progress from her interview, and the purpose of interviewing people and associated with the late General's work to gain him to hasten if he would find her alive. It is hoped that the book will be towards the end of next year, although its publication may be somewhat delayed by the European War.

## IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

It will make your own Christmas much happier to know that you have remembered those this Christmastide with whom it is NOT well.



THE YEAR DRAWING TO A CLOSE has been a very eventful one in many respects, but chiefly because of its disasters by sea and land. This season, Canada, in common with other countries, is suffering acutely from commercial depression consequent on the war and other causes; and, for many this will be a hard winter and a cheerless Christmas.

If you are fortunate, and it "IS WELL WITH THEE," may we not ask that you will be good enough to share your prosperity and comforts with others, not forgetting the promise: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The Salvation Army, with its local organisations in all the principal towns and cities of the Dominion, has exceptional facilities for finding out deserving poor and administering effective relief. Our people have had experience that is unique in prosecuting this work, and we are anxious to serve the poor by undertaking to distribute your

## CHRISTMAS CHEER AND WINTER RELIEF



All over the Dominion our Corps Officers will be engaged in distributing Christmas Cheer—Toys for the children and food for all people. The number helped will depend upon the donations received.

## Will you make The Salvation Army your Almoner?

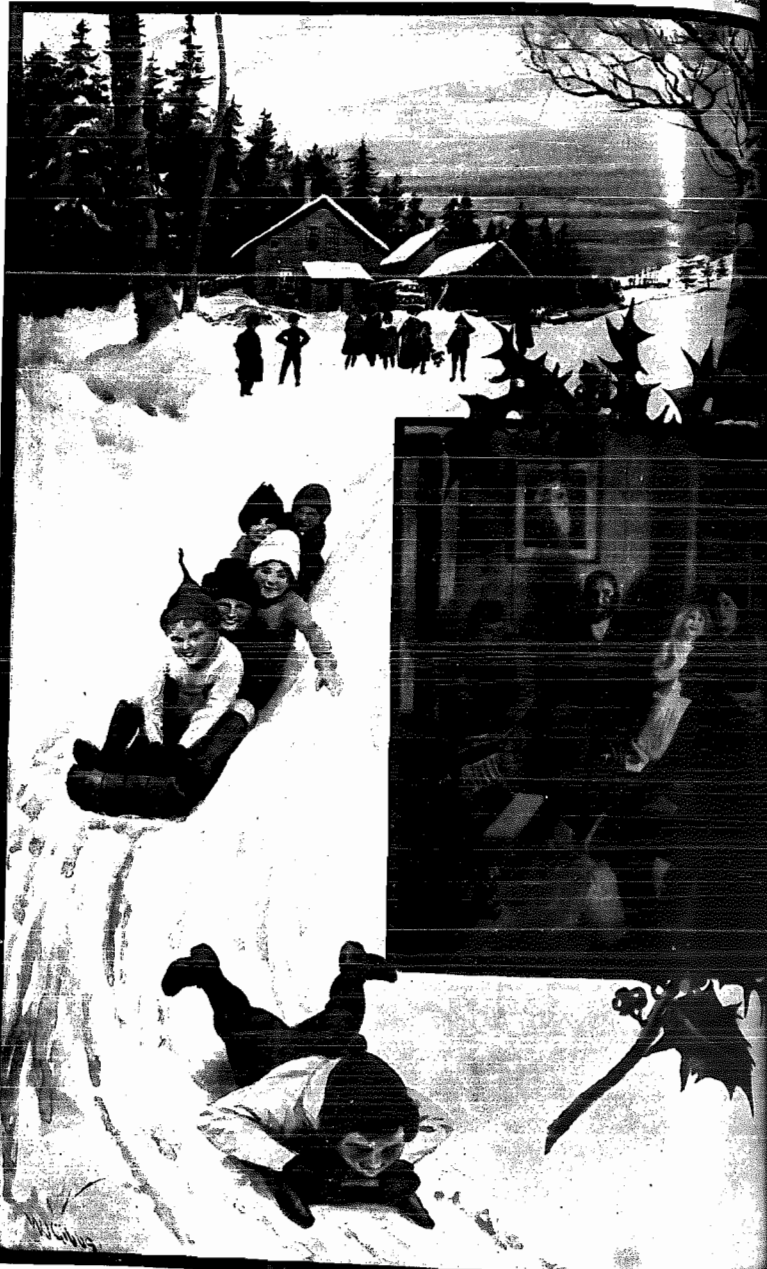
We place our Officers, Workers, Halls, and Organisation at the service of rich and poor. If you will send us your money we will strive to administer it with the greatest efficiency and economy. We will make fullest investigations and will disburse your gifts in any town and amongst any class you may mention.

The following are among those on whose behalf we earnestly appeal:

1. Families whose bread-winner is out of work through illness, and amongst whom poverty and misery prevail.
2. Children whose Christmas has been saddened by the loss of parents and other relatives through death.
3. Homeless men who frequent our Industrial Institutions and Shelters.
4. Orphans in our Children's Homes, and the families of destitute parents.
5. For the General Charitable Work of The Salvation Army.

Donations for any of the above objects should be sent to The Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ontario, or to the local representative of The Salvation Army. All such donations will be acknowledged.





The Settlers' Christmas Eve.